The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK 367
GERMAN IMPRESSIONS *Waldemar Gurian* 370
COMMUNICATIONS 372
Economic Reports—The Third Force—Letter to an American
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 378
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 379
CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS 380
GOOD RIDDANCE? *Edward S. Skillin* 381
BOOKS *Anne Fremantle* 382
Newman and Bloxam—Journey Into Faith—Father Dominic Barberi—Son of the Moon—Tumult in India—Nehru of India—Nehru on Gandhi—What Comes of Training Women for War—New Song in a Strange Land—American Children Through Their Books—Is God Evident?—Love and War in the Middle English Romances—Tracks and Trailcraft—Thunder in the Mountains

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In Berlin, Nothing New

NO NEW IDEAS or considerations were building up the crisis pressure in Berlin. A Czech general fled his country, the Togliatti riots flared and went out, a French government broke, Wall Street prices plunged, jet planes crossed the ocean, rumors mushroomed. Such events are normal as the pressure is applied. Also, the sudden realization with the guts and heart and irrational regions of the mind that what the intelligence has said is true: there can be war. We know now from experience that this realization comes always suddenly, no matter how informed and rational we tried to make the deliberately intellectual preparation. It is the sudden, hollowing despair, unbearably unhappy when it strikes, which strikes every man just to the depth that he has willed and desired what at one instant of life, life shows is impossible. Only in Christ Himself "mercy and truth have met each other: justice and peace have kissed; truth is sprung out of the earth; and justice hath looked down from heaven." Government, and the means and arms of government, must envision violence; they must accept war. The decision at Berlin, and around the round globe, is between Christian pacifism and the assumption of government, whose justice requires the possible sacrifice of war, "not peace, but the sword." We cannot have them both, as individuals nor as communities.

In this fallen world, at this stage of history, along with the philosophers and poets and with the Nations and Churches, we have accepted the rule of government. We do this with unassuageable temporal despair and a torn and harrowed conscience, and we do it while asserting with determined if not quite rational insistence that an individual person can justifiably and righteously, of his own free will, be pacifist and heroically Christian. It is only when the crisis comes that we can see and test and feel our choice, although our earlier choice in fact created the conditions which now stretch the nerves and assay the determination and intelligence and morale.

There are no new elements in the Berlin combination. The Allies can retreat from their zone only to betrayal and to a greater certainty of disaster. The position in Berlin cannot be abstracted from the condition of Germany, and Germany is a necessary core of Europe. It is Russia which threatens aggressively to obtain a new situation in Berlin, in Germany, in Europe. The part of the Western Governments is to hold and to live. One challenge only can we legitimately be accused of making to the Soviets: that the countries of the West be allowed to live in the same world as the communist states, and that history decide the issue without the intervention now of our generation's chaotic powers of destruction.

Our Governments must not loose the destruction. We ought not make a fetish of face, nor even insist upon reasonable and mature manners of dealing. (If we matched provocation, God knows, the war would have burst long ago.) There are still ambassadors exchanged throughout the world, and the UN can still be convoked at Lake (forgive our irony) Success. Before that bruited convoy goes into Berlin shooting, we hope most sincerely that our Governments will ask the Russians more about their hinted ideas of feeding the parts which must remain, without debates and deals and appeasement, the French, British and American sectors of Berlin.

And before any final test of the Russian policy and decision, are we not obligated by every variety of consideration to test first the capacities and opportunities of the United Nations Organizations? Meanwhile, we must pray that Russia has not frozen on war now, and will not, in the press of her policy, attack the armies and air forces and navies and peoples of the countries resolved that they shall not submit to the slavery of her evil régime.

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Lament for Schuman

THIS is supposed to be a crucial moment in history: that is to say once again we stand impotent and apprehensive while the imbecile automatism of violence approaches. We wait while others decide. We wait for the governments to decide—and they wait for circumstances to decide for them. Reason and rumor tell us that this is a crucial moment but all we have to do to know whether a moment is crucial or not is to look at France. If the French have a Government the moment is not crucial. Today the French Government fell.

The Schuman Government of the Third Force stood for a last attempt to preserve some liberty of movement. In the main it sided with the West against the East—all of us side with the West against the East—but it did not want to march into battle against the East, or be crushed by the East—a free space called France. That hope is to keep a space open between the West and the East—a free space called France. That hope is now abolished. France now will have to enter one system or the other. The decision will be imposed by force. There will have to be a decision between the two local forces of communism and Gaulism that no longer can be held apart; there will have to be an end to the possibility of continued division. We do not say that the French will be forced to make up their minds—only that the country will be forced, compressed, into a unit, and the unit will find itself on one side of the line or on the other.

France stands for all the hesitant individuals in the world. The Schuman Government of our minds has fallen. We in the West are compelled to be of the West and it must be the same thing in Russia: the Russians are compelled to be of the East. It is rather frightening. The names of countries disappear. It is as frightening as when the Civil War came to The United States and there was only the North and the South. It is very frightening when there is war or the threat of war between geographical abstractions. Because when you look to the East you have Germany and Russia—but the East does not stop with Russia. If you advance against the East you never reach a goal post marked "East" where you can stop. There is no stopping until you have marched Eastward round the world and end up in California in the West. For the Russians it is the same thing marching West. This conflict, this threatened conflict between the East and the West is frightening because you get all mixed up. The Pacific is in the West and so are China, Japan and India. In a war against the East, the West will have to worry about the West.

The Third Force in France, intently contemplating its own navel, represented us all who hoped that we could remain committed to no more than the East and West cross streets of the city. The Schuman Government was like somebody interested only in a flower garden with the watering apparatus swirling quietly in the late afternoon. The Schuman Government of the Third Force has fallen.

Who Cares About Inflation?

FEW Americans look for disturbing signs during periods of full employment and comparative prosperity similar to the present. The shoe pinches only here and there, as it has the past three years with men and women dependent on modest fixed incomes. Periodically inflation gets into politics, but somehow even the fact that private pocketbooks are involved is insufficient to arouse many individuals who are articulate.

The merry round of ever-rising wages and prices, or prices and wages, which began a full ten years ago, continues unabated. For a time, this spring, the steel companies and the meat packers were successful in calling a halt, but the former has now yielded to the pressure exerted by wage rises in allied industries with the result that new steel price increases (which will be reflected in the higher price tags of many basic products) are once again on the way. At the moment there appear to be only two sizable anti-inflationary factors: the prospect of large grain surpluses—particularly corn—and the gradual exhaustion of individual wartime savings. The first of these could reduce the price of meat, particularly if it should continue to be coupled with buyer resistance in the local butcher shop. The second, which is indicated by the current heavy increase in instalment buying and other purchases on credit, means that purchasing power is tapering off.

Yet these, and the immediate Wall Street reactions to the Berlin war danger, are quite unequal to offset the contrary pressures. Rearmament, industrial and military; the European Recovery program; the end of the basing point system for the steel and cement industries; the tight labor market; continuous pressure for wage boosts considerably beyond increases in our industries' productivity; the quarter-trillion national debt, which is expected to remain stationary or increase during the 1949 fiscal year; continually increasing prices; the unsatisfied demand for homes the nation over—all these keep the whirligig in motion and speed it up.

The United States Chamber of Commerce, to forestall the government, has suggested a four-point "plan" of a voluntary character, but two of its four remedies are addressed to government—the familiar formula of reducing public expenditures and, in addition, it calls upon the administration to produce a monetary policy which will itself keep inflation well in hand. Senator O'Mahoney is preparing to present a bill to curb price

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increases by requiring the big companies, which in a number of basic industries control the determining if not the major proportion of the production, to secure permission for every rise in prices. Finally, the legislation which Mr. Truman is preparing to present to the protested Special Session will include most of the steps he called for last November, when inflation began another sharp new upsurge. But Congress is expected to be anything but compliant—enactment of any real inflation curbs is simply not in the legislative cards.

The American people are happy about prosperity regardless of the solidity of its foundations. We like the pay check to be bigger, even when it actually buys somewhat less. Up to a point we do not seem to mind paying more for postwar cars and television sets. In order to enjoy the plethora of the latest gadgets now so readily at hand we dip into our savings when necessary, and, encouraged by persuasive merchandisers, take mortgages on the future. The chief reason that nobody does anything effective about inflation is that most people like things the way they are. Why worry about tomorrow?

And then there are six . . .

THE TEDIOUSLY monotonous mind of the advertiser in this country sometimes becomes positively infuriating. Sex is, admittedly, one of the greatest of pleasures, and there are lots of things that can be suggestively sold by a pretty face, clear gums, clean teeth, and the appropriate curves from then on down: a single-minded appeal to *Lust* can sell umpteen motor-cars, mattresses, mirrors, mouth washes, etc. But there are six *other* deadly sins to which the advertiser might pander, and which he wilfully neglects. At this time of year, of course, *Sloth* comes first to mind. Think of the sloth-appeal missed, or muffed by being made merely yet another medium for sex! Sleepiness is one of the most catching of complaints; sleep itself perhaps the most enjoyable necessity known to man. Why not advertise straight sloth? Capture the sloven's market, go all out for the lazy. Use all the somniverous resources of language, the soothing sibilants, and the slumbering colors; foster fatigue to sell furniture; "the desk to doze at", the dresser to dream by, the nylon for your noon-time nap. . . . Show sheep for sleep, and silk for slumber, and sell soporifics unlimited. Then *Gluttony*. Certainly the women's magazines do better on this—realizing that women are realists, and knowing that in life if not in literature a man is more easily kept by a steak than stolen by a skirt. There are some sizzling bacon-rashers, some juicy frosted food ads that speak to the inner man but how all too often is reared the ugly head! Even Elsie is less concerned with the excellence of Borden's coffee than with the young wife's calling her husband—was it a pig? And ice cream flavors, and wine sellers all stress the social (how the guests, or the neighbors) or the sexual (how hubby, or wifie) enjoyment of this taste, that delicacy, rather than the frankly gluttonous approach. Even spinach has sunk. And the other, really major sins, are hardly ever exploited—indeed, are barely explored. Perhaps a little use is made of *Envy*: my curtains are tittle-tattle gray; my dish-pan hands are contrasted with my neighbor's spotless sheets, her Jergened joints. But even the envy is concentrated on sexual themes and successes—she has more beaux, keeps her husband longer, or oftener at home—there is trifling use made of really deep-seated envies. Occasionally little Johnny ails, whilst Joe next door, his laxative downed, leads the romp: here is a beginning of which much more might be made. For, after all, society is sixty percent keeping up with the Joneses, and the greatest asset in the social struggle is a well developed envy; advertisers miss much by thinking of it only in terms of my dandruff leading me to fewer dates, my tousled hair hexing more dames than my pals' glossy locks.

Envy is far more insidious, envy exists at all levels, as Mr. Fairchild pointed out. "But I am not jealous of Miss Augusta's doll—I do not want to take it from her, only to have one like her," said Lucy. "My child," her father replied, "you are envious. Envy makes us discontented with what we have, desirous of that we have not, which others have." Is not this the very mood every advertiser should seek to promote? Envy thus brings us to *Anger*, and, here again, what limitless opportunities! That rage with your colleague who snores, your friend who picks his nose or bites his nails! Sore at the boss? Buy the Oxford Dictionary and learn more about a thousand ways to tell him so. Mad with your colleague? Golf's your game; or beat the beast at bridge. *Avarice* could be exploited in as many ways, or more. Save cents by walking; wear Blank's shoes and fool the fare-raise. Drink milk and save doctor's bills; milk-fed mice live longer in labor stories, milk-fed men in offices. Etc. Almost every avenue of advertising is wide open to the right use of avarice. And, finally, *Pride*. The greatest of all our failings, for "by this sin fell the angels." Yet humility would seem rather the vice of the average American male. "*She*'ll love your tie . . . *she*'ll like me better in a hat . . . *she*'ll freeze me for bad breath." You'd think pride was obsolete, except for the cigar ads, which still assume you're pleased if your son weighs seven pounds—and even that is a tepid, vicarious pride. We are the best-dressed, best-fed, best-read nation, and who would know it from the ads? Anxious, ill-at-ease, socially inhibited, sartorially inadequate—this is what reliance on one only of the deadly sins does to the advertised man. Appeal to the seven contrary virtues could hardly do worse. . . .

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German Impressions

Waldemar Gurian

IS IT MEANINGFUL to write about Germany, having spent a few weeks there? So much has been said by so many, it seems that everything has been explained and observed. But perhaps there are facts and trends which cannot be told and restated often enough. And perhaps it may be useful to risk interpretations.

I was in Germany to give some lectures, particularly at the University of Bonn. I lectured, too, at the Universities of Cologne and Frankfurt, at the Techniche Hochschule and the American House in Stuttgart, in Muenster, and so on. I saw many people, I met old friends, and made new ones, Catholics and Protestants, men who during the Nazi regime were in important positions, as well as men who spent years in concentration camps. I met English, French and American officials, I discussed for hours problems of our time, in private circles as well as in long special sessions with students where every imaginable opinion was stated. It was my privilege to bring together three of the most important German women: Ida Goeres, whose courageous letter on the Church in the *Frankfurter Hefte* has been the most discussed religious article in post-war Germany; Elizabeth Langgaesser, author of the religious "Indestructible Sea"; Clara Menck, the keen student of intellectual and education activities. My visit provided the occasion for F. A. Kramer, editor of the weekly, *Rheinische Mercur,* one of the best Christian publications in Europe, to meet again, after many years, Msgr. Grosche, the pastor of St. Gereon, the great Christian humanist, in whose library the English poet, Stephen Spender, discovered, to his surprise, authors such as Gide and Claudel. But I will not continue to list names for I do not know the names of some people to whom I am particularly indebted, men and women whom I met in trains, waiters and car-drivers.

My trip was made possible by the generous and unbureaucratic understanding of Professor Robert Havighurst of the Rockefeller Foundation. Unfortunately, it had to be of very short duration, as I had to return quickly in order to teach summer school.

I will preface my impressions with some remarks about the material situation of German intellectuals, writers, artists, teachers, professors, etc., which is very bad. Many have told me that without generous American help, due also to appeals in THE COMMONWEAL, they would probably not be alive. These men and women are often not too practical. Even if they had the means, they would not know how to deal on the black market, indispensable in order to survive. Also, now, since the currency reform, their situation remains very unsettled; it is becoming even more desperate if they have, as writers or artists, no fixed salaries. True, they do not complain; in public they even try to present a front of respectability. Who would imagine that the suit of the famous scholar is his only one? Or that the shoes of this journalist are masterpieces of the cobbler's art in present-day Germany—an art which, basically, is that of fixing shoes beyond repair. An internationally known writer became speechless when she received some oranges for her children: they would experience this strange taste for the first time in their lives.

There is the Ketterer Hotel in Stuttgart, where Americans can invite German friends, paying for them in occupation money, waiters stand around formally dressed; everything is clean, fresh linen is on the tables, the plumbing in the wash-rooms is in perfect shape, and an air of normalcy prevails, appreciated by American business men. The German writer or professor is embarrassed, he does not know what to do; he will not clean up the butter which is served, although he has had no butter for years; he is stunned by eating well-cooked meat and dishes in which fat has been amply used; he is amazed to drink beer which is real beer and not a brownish water, a beer which is produced in Germany only for export, and places run by occupying authorities. German intellectuals do not explain that their capacity for work is reduced by the material conditions, by the lack of the most elementary articles, by the general insecurity. One does, for instance, not know if even the meager official rations will really be available. The intellectuals are nervous and excitable; although many succeed in keeping their nerves and tempers in order, they are always worried and worrying: the wife or the housekeeper says that four hours standing in line for some fish ended without result. A bulb has burned out, which cannot be replaced; the publication of a book must be postponed indefinitely because the promised paper has not been granted.

It is quite obvious that work demanding intellectual concentration is rendered very difficult under such conditions. A work must be admired which is done despite all the pressures of the daily

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life, by so many German teachers, writers, and artists. They try to keep their activities on the usual level; they try to get books and foreign periodicals in foreign languages. True, everything which is published is not first class, there is also too much external activity. Too many meetings are held and too many lectures are given, but it must not be overlooked that this activism helps to overcome apathy and despair.

There is a real thankfulness for foreign and American help; many personal relations have been established between donors and recipients, one of the most learned theologians said how indebted he is for the insights into American life given him by the letters of an American woman who herself had never had the opportunity to study. Much has been done for German intellectuals, Catholic as well as Protestant. The Germans are astonished at the generosity of American donors. Coffee, tea, fat, linen, clothing are of inestimable value; how many have told me that a cup of coffee helped them to finish a work or to write an article.

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The difficult situation of the German intellectuals illustrates generally prevailing conditions. Many factors in the situation are beyond human control. The ruins of the cities, destroyed bridges, the many locomotives and freight cars which are more or less completely shot up, the countless refugees from the Eastern territories, disrupted communications (remarkable administration of the railways has now overcome much of this), the depletion of accumulated stocks and materials, especially in the last months of the war, the psychological shock of the defeat, unavoidable changes in administrative personnel and among the ranks of skilled workers, the fact that so many Germans have overlooked the impossibility of switching in a moment from the abnormal conditions of war to the normalcy of peace—these are some of the causes which make the struggle for existence of the average German city dweller so strenuous. Wives have to wait for hours only to find a notice to the effect that ration cards cannot be honored today because of unexpected lack of supplies. Much time and energy is expended on the black market where before the currency reform cigarettes and jewelry were exchanged for the coffee, fat or potatoes which workmen demanded before they would mend windows or repair plumbing which had stopped working altogether. Even then the best black market operators could not always deliver the goods. German villages are for obvious reasons better off, but even there there are shortages of needed tools from sewing needles to agricultural equipment.

The Monday after the currency reform went into effect certain articles hitherto missing reappeared in shop windows, but at such prohibitive prices that they were beyond all but a very few. A German most competent in currency matters, who had worked closely with the American authorities, although not in agreement with the final form of the currency measure, maintained that this reform would result in deflation, mass unemployment and rising prices, since current prices would not permit purchase of the materials needed for production. All in all it is doubtful whether the currency reform will improve the situation.

A visit to Germany today serves as excellent propaganda against planning and bureaucracy, such as that voiced by such men as Hayek and Von Mises. Bureaucracy really runs amok in everything connected with the zones of occupation. When I applied for the necessary military entry permit, the Civil Affairs division of the War Department was most cooperative. Everything seemed to be settled in two months. But then a required British permit failed to arrive in Washington. Fortunately I lost only two weeks as a result. Later I discovered that this permit had been given on time but that somehow the information had not reached the proper place. I am grateful that the communication was repeated and that I was able to make the trip. A minor incident of little importance, to be sure, but characteristic of the way bureaucratic machinery works. Unnecessary delays occur, unnecessary forms are produced, unnecessary questions asked, unnecessary signatures required, and everything becomes as difficult and troublesome as possible. I do not refer to individuals here.

What does it matter that the organization of cultural exchanges is in the American interest; redtape gets in the way. American Houses are anxious to present American books and magazines as promptly as possible to their German visitors. But the magazines must go first to a distribution center for checking and when they finally reach the Houses they are terribly out of date. A magazine such as THE COMMONWEAL could not send its copies directly to the Houses as that would violate certain rules. And with a bureaucracy there is always the question of jurisdiction; no one knows at what office to apply.

It would be wrong to blame only the bureaucracy of occupying military government. For the German bureaucracy itself has multiplied to a marked degree. Its members enjoy the privileges of special trains with Diesel engines which are not accessible to the general public nor listed on the regular time tables. The idea is to protect these civil servants from excessive fatigue from traveling to official conferences. Moreover, the bureaucrats are often more ruthless than ever before. They are underpaid, particularly in the more subordinate jobs such as railway ticket agents. As a compensation they emphasize their

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power by refusing tickets even in most urgent cases (an old woman did not know the proper way to get an admission form.)

The bureaucracy operates as if there were no scarcity; production and distribution of eggs is carefully planned on paper, although the cost of such planning is so high the official price cannot be met. But eggs are not available anyhow. Some of the older bureaucrats continue to live as if it were in the days of the Empire. They have little use for Nazis, Americans or Weimar democrats, whom they consider upstarts who disturb the established order of things. They like to push all responsibility onto the military government. So that if an industrial adviser needs a car, for instance, he is told that unfortunately an American officer (actually non-existent) needed it. Some Germans propose that the only way to make things go is to cut the paper, ink and typewriters allocated to various institutions by eighty to ninety percent, and then discharge about half of the officials.

Of course many of these civil servants painfully try to maintain an air of respectability although they are underfed and poorly dressed. How many there are who try to overcome the heartless bureaucratic spirit—a spirit which is fostered by the fact that the German governing bodies are executive organs, in spite of all the changes, the introduction of the state parliaments, the economic councils and the decisions in London concerning a Western German government. No wonder there is lack of initiative, inclination to follow an easy routine and much intrigue.

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The attitude toward the military government varies considerably in the three Western zones. Despite all shortcomings and incompetence the American military government is the best liked. English administrative inefficiency is regarded as extreme, even by those who praise the excellent behavior of the English troops and the goodwill of the English officials. But even English representatives admit in private that their machinery does not work: it is too Victorian. Most severely criticized is the French administration—for behaving too visibly as victors when they were victorious only by American permission. The French army is living off the land, a thing that intelligent Germans understand. Numerous relatives of French military men appear with extraordinary demands for milk, butter and the like, while the French police exercises all sorts of pressures. French cultural propaganda (not their attempts to organize education, which are stupid as well as disastrous) is by far the best and most impressive, however. What renders it ineffectual are the administrative measures which make it almost impossible to understand why certain admirable Frenchmen are trying to spread among the Germans love and understanding of French civilization.

The conduct of the American troops is also recognized as quite correct despite a few occasional incidents. A high German official of cabinet rank and his wife were insulted before my very eyes by a drunken MP at the Frankfurt station. This man who was unable to read identification papers accused the woman of selling dollars (which she did not have) to her husband and said: "If you are an official, then I am a high official of the city of Chicago." But such happenings are rare.

Despite such correctness and all efforts to hear German opinions, relations remain both limited and restrained. I doubt whether this is due to any fear that Germans may have of appearing to be collaborators. I think that a certain mutual "isolationism" prevents any real interchange. One official, who knows Germany very well, said that Americans are afraid to appear as suckers even if they have to act as if they had no feeling or compassion. The American is afraid of being swamped by demands he cannot fulfil. The German, for his part, is embarrassed, for he has read many books and pursued systematic studies; he does not want to appear as a beggar who is after a few hours in a fine hotel or a comfortable apartment where the plumbing is in good shape, there are plenty of light bulbs, cigarettes, drinks and sandwiches. Despite exceptions on both sides the Americans in Germany live on an island of their own more or less unaware of what is going on in German minds.

Communications

ECONOMIC REPORTS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Father Higgins's reply to my comments on his review of the Economic Reports of the President affords an opportunity to point out some further fallacies in thought and attitude which are all too common. I hope it is perfectly clear that my criticism is not in any way personal to Father Higgins. Rather, it is directed at a brand of economic charlatanism which set our public policy from 1932 to 1940, the longest period of depression and economic stagnation which this country has ever suffered.

My first letter raised some questions designed to satisfy myself and your readers as to how well Father Higgins has thought through the implications of the economic theory he advances. In his reply, Father Higgins says that he regrets my tendency to line him up with the collectivists. I want to make myself perfectly clear on that. I do not believe that Father Higgins desires collectivism or harbors totalitarian leanings. I do suspect, and the purpose of my questions was to find out, if it is true

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that Father Higgins has not explored the record sufficiently or thought deeply enough to appreciate the totalitarian implications of economic measures which proclaim a worthy objective, and which on the surface seem harmless and beneficial.

Father Higgins did not deal with my questions. My purpose in this second letter is to point out the tendency of those who hold to Father Higgins's brand of economics to skip away from facts and questions and to fall back on a set of assumptions and attitudes which I would now like to pin down.

(1) Because I was aware of this tendency, I took the liberty of suggesting that it would make for clarity if Father Higgins refrained from words and symbols which have been given a bad odor and which have too often been used for smear purposes. "Eighteenth Century" and "NAM" were specified in this category. Father Higgins did refrain from Eighteenth Century, but not from a reverse twist in pointing out that this is the Twentieth Century, for the purpose of implying that this makes Socialism good and economic individualism hopeless. He did not refrain from beating NAM with the charge that NAM has a rather influential lobby in Washington. Do not the CIO and the National Catholic Welfare Conference also petition Congress? The trick here is to use a symbol of evil to avoid thought and argument.

(2) Father Higgins gets away from my questions on the plea that he does not feel "at all qualified to debate the subtleties of economic science." The questions which I raise are concerned with how we organize our work and consumption. I am not concerned with the subtleties of economic science. The trick here is to put forward sweeping economic measures, and when questions are raised about how they will work, whether they will heal a finger at the cost of an arm, then merely profess ignorance about the "subtleties of economic science." We cannot solve the hard problems of work and economic achievement with a few well-chosen words and then have a Ph.D. in Economics work out the details for all of us.

(3) Father Higgins steps into the class struggle when he asks how many of the benefits the American people enjoy they owe to the system itself, and "how many have been wrung from the system only over its agonized protests." The technique here is to deny good in the system and to claim that any achievement has been realized in spite of the system. Father Higgins must know that he would have a pretty hard time distinguishing between those benefits achieved *through* the system and those benefits which have been "wrung" from it. This is verbiage which creates an emotional effect, but is without real meaning. The process of bargaining and "wringing benefits" (between employer and employee and between buyer and seller) is the essence of the system. Take one concrete example. There were various efforts to "wring" a better standard of living for the cotton-field worker out of the system. Those efforts got nowhere. But as soon as some individuals and companies came along with the ideas and the drive and the capital to mechanize the growing of cotton, the living standard of the cotton-field worker showed rapid improvement. Or in the other direction, THE COMMONWEAL has shown the cost to the public of what building labor has succeeded in "wringing out of the system."

(4) Father Higgins assumes that anything which increases wages is necessarily good. He says that wage increases might have increased more rapidly in American industry had there been more balanced distribution of economic power, and had the NAM been more favorably disposed toward trade-unionism and social legislation. There might have been higher dollar wages. But certainly the abortive attempts in 1946 and 1947 to jump wages 15 percent a year should raise some questions as to whether anybody really benefits when pay envelopes are stuffed with more paper when there is no corresponding increase in the production of goods to redeem that paper. Austerity living standards in Britain today are largely the result of pushing wages up so fast that capital did not flow into giving the workers more efficient tools with which to produce. It is easy to be for higher wages, but you may be selling "blue sky." It is more responsible, but also more difficult, to be against wage increases which are illusory and which impair genuine improvement in living standards. It is less popular but more practical to recognize that expanded output and higher living standards have come primarily from the investment of savings and profits in equipping workers with more machine power.

(5) Father Higgins asserts his concern with the human aspects of the economic problem. By implication, I do not have that concern. That's another frequent substitute for thought. It appears in Father Higgins's expression of disappointment in my tendency to rely so exclusively on statistics "almost, if I may so do, to the point of ignoring some of the human aspects of the economic problem." A more charitable view would be that statistics are used to give some rough measure of the success or failure of an economy in satisfying the material needs and desires of human beings. Comparison of the incomes which people receive today with those which they received fifty years ago and with those which other people are able to get out of the way they conduct their economic affairs does help us to appraise the success of different economic policies in dealing with the "human aspects of the economic problem."

(6) The assertion that one stands for "planning" and the "rational solution" to economic problems, and that one's opponent is against planning and rationality, is another familiar device. Father Higgins uses it when he tells us that Philip Murray believes that rational men "will sit down together to plan systematically for their common economic welfare," and that "he is tired of being told that rational men ought to hang their reason on the hat rack before they enter the field of economics." The questions of my original letter were propounded for the purpose of sounding the depth of the reasoning behind Father Higgins's position on economic matters. The reality is that men should and do plan their economic affairs. You can only plan what you control. When Father Higgins wants a few men to sit down and plan for the economic good of all of us, it will not work

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unless Father Higgins is ready to give these men control over elements of individual conduct which are now left to our individual choice and decision. Economic decisions made by the free play of choice in the market place seem more fruitful in the U.S. than the process of enforcing government decisions on all employers and employees and on all the sellers and buyers of England. The choice is not between planning and not planning. You can have free individuals work out their personal and individual plans and rationally adapt their course to the plans of others. Or you can have a few men sit down and plan for all of us, provided you give them the power to compel us to adhere to the plan which they lay down for us. The former process is usually brushed off with a remark that this is the Twentieth Century. Some of us prefer the way American capitalism works in the Twentieth Century to the way the planned and rationally designed economies of England and Russia work in the Twentieth Century. Lest I be scolded for mentioning England and Russia in the same breath, I merely wish to point out that though they represent different types and degrees of rational direction and planning, neither of them seems to be getting good economic results and there seems to be a tendency in England, full-blown in Russia, to find it necessary to use coercion to secure adherence to the master plan. In the US, we seem to get things done by making individual plans and adapting them to the requirements of each other, by reward more than by penalty, by voluntary agreement more than by state compulsion, by the initiative of thousands of free institutions more than by deliberation of an all-powerful bureaucratic committee. A few weeks in England would satisfy Father Higgins that it's more pleasant and more productive that way.

(7) I pointed out that the President's reports do not even mention the main reason for the inflation—vastly increased money supply and loose fiscal policy—because that is chargeable to government, and President Truman has a vested interest in charging inflation to the profiteers and in protecting government policy from criticism. Father Higgins handles this with a trick shot, asking me if I can picture "Mr. Nourse selling his professional soul for the honor and glory of the Democratic National Committee." No, I would make no reflection on the integrity of Mr. Nourse, yet I am not going to allow a fast, indignant question blur the truth. It is clear that Father Higgins does not understand either the character of the reports he reviewed or Mr. Nourse's position. Mr. Nourse is a subordinate of President Truman, and the Council merely prepared a draft of a report which is subject to White House editing. I would suggest that Father Higgins ask the National Industrial Conference Board to send him a booklet reporting a round-table discussion in which Mr. Nourse and other eminent economists discussed the Economic Reports of the President. There he will find that Mr. Nourse freely admits that his economic judgment is subject to political editing in the White House—where the Democratic National Committee still has some influence. You see Father Higgins tries to dispose of an issue by throwing a question to which I must give an affirmative answer. Yet the question does not go to the issue and on the issue Father Higgins is wrong.

(8) Since I am pointing out assumptions which the pseudo-liberals use as a substitute for thinking, and not, primarily, debating Father Higgins himself, I should mention perhaps the most common substitute, one to which Father Higgins does not resort. It is to sweep away all the problems of the world with the assertion that the pseudo-liberal stands for human rights while his opponent is for property rights. While Henry Wallace was still the hero of all these people, I heard him make a thirty-minute speech in which he stood four-square for human rights while anybody who opposed him in any particular stood forth as a base defender of property rights. (Incidentally, it's a pretty good rule of thumb for testing a man's judgment on political and economic matters to find out when he discovered Henry Wallace was a fool rather than a great liberal, the spokesman for the common man and the guarantor of sixty million jobs.)

(9) Father Higgins does not like my comparison of the record of American with other economic systems. To show that the American record is not always better, he says New Zealand has a higher standard of living than Mississippi. He had to reach pretty far to dig up that particular comparison, but even at that I think that if he examines the facts he will find it to be wrong. I have talked to men who have returned from New Zealand recently, and the picture they convey is one of economic frustration and stagnation. I have been in Mississippi recently, and the brief glimpse that I got left an impression of rapidly improving productivity in agriculture and a tremendous expansion of income and industrial activity. I hope that it does not seem odious to compare the results of a capitalist economy as practiced here with the results of a managed economy as practiced in Europe. Such a comparison is necessary, if we are intelligently to determine the kind of an economy we want. Norman Angell in his recent book pointed out that in the United States today more people enjoy more comforts with more freedom than in any other place or time in world history. I hope that that does not make us complacent. I hope we can continue to improve in living standards and in real freedom. But I believe that in order to improve what we have, we must understand how it works and what it requires to function successfully. I am suspicious of surgery which is not backed up by knowledge of the intricacies of the organism which is undergoing operation.

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The free and fertile society which we enjoy here can be lost in any one of these three directions:

(a) It could be taken over by the conscious totalitarians—Communists, Fascists, or what have you.

(b) It could fall to the unconscious totalitarians—the Socialists, who still cling to the notion that Socialism without force is practical.

(c) Most likely, it could fall apart under the minis-

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trations of the pseudo-liberals, who fail to understand what a successful free economy requires, who tear away at the engine in an effort to improve the symmetry of the machine.

I believe that the only sound economic policy for those of us who are concerned with the future of the United States, and of the world, is to focus first on protecting the economy we have, then join in improving and expanding it, based on an understanding of how it works and what it requires to function successfully and to grow and flourish. We can all work together in this if we will face the facts and grapple with them, get away from the holier-than-thou attitudes pointed out here and find the charity to believe that the average conservative, even if he belongs to the NAM, is likely to be as much concerned about God's poor and about human values as anybody else. It is my view that the kind of thinking that Father Higgins has reflected will send both living standards and freedom into a decline, and that the poor will suffer most. I respect Father Higgins's objectives; I am sure they are good and charitable. But unless he is willing to deal with what he runs away from as "intricacies of economic science," unless he demonstrates an appreciation of the most successful economy the world has known and a grasp of what its successful operation requires, unless he indicates prudence in protecting its basic machinery, discrimination in conserving and building on a foundation that works, and wisdom in learning from experiments that have failed to deliver on high promises, then he should not be surprised if those who do apply these tests charge off this well-meaning advice of the pseudo-liberal school to the tendency of fools to rush in where angels fear to tread.

Finally, just as Father Higgins's motives deserve respect, I'd expect of him enough charity to assume that the average member of the NAM or the student of economic policy who opposes measures put forward in the name of the underprivileged may have just as much Christian concern for God's poor as anybody else, but, just possibly, more experience and more of an idea of how to maintain and expand their general welfare than others who talk more loudly about it.

WILLIAM J. CASEY.

THE THIRD FORCE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: Philip Burnham's editorial (July 2, 1948) deserves very careful attention. What surprises me most is Mr. Burnham's surprise at the statement made by Guy Mollet, Secretary General of the French Socialist Party, affirming that "French Socialists refuse to choose between the Soviet Union and the United States." If Mr. Burnham were compelled, as Frenchmen are compelled, to follow with the utmost attention French politics, he would have known long ago that this obstinacy in refusing to choose between the East and the West is a basic characteristic of the Third Force.

In this connection may I recall an incident on December 31, 1945, during a debate on national defense, when André Philip, a Socialist, refused to discuss the merits of the bill presented before Parliament and asked simply that the grant for national defense be reduced by 20 percent. General de Gaulle, foreseeing the threats of the future, refused this straight cut and on this issue he decided to leave the Government—which he did less than a month later. It was at this date, in 1945, that Parliament instructed the new Government to submit a project organizing National Defense within three months which should take into account the Socialist insistence on economy. That was two and a half years ago; no bill has yet been presented, the Socialist cuts have not been made.

When, recently, it was necessary for Parliament to decide the question of military manpower, a conflict arose from the divergent points of view of the MRP Minister for War and a Socialist, M. Metayer, former Cabinet Minister. In order to prevent the Government from being completely disrupted by this internal disagreement, a special meeting of the Central Committee of the Third Force was called, during which these fine gentlemen finally reached an agreement on the basis of a motion presented by a certain M. Edgar Faure, a Socialist, which was unanimously accepted. It proclaims in the name of the Third Force that France in no case must choose between the East and the West and "must remain entirely non-committed." I may remark that this determination never to choose, that is to say this refusal to define the aggressor, or the direction from which aggression might come, amounts practically to abandoning any possible proper organizing of national defense: it is impossible to prepare an army unless one has some conception of the mission that will be given it to accomplish, that is to say unless one has a clear conception of what policy the army will have to support.

The attitude of refusal which dismays and surprises Philip Burnham is inherent in what is called the Third Force, which is the alliance that the Socialist, Radical and MRP Parties made in order to reach and remain in power. But if it is easy to understand why the Third Force acts as it does, we must also understand that their action violently outrages the feelings of the French people.

In the October, 1947 elections, the three parties who now cling so desperately to power obtained only 24 percent of the votes, while the RPF (*Rassemblement du Peuple Français*), without funds or preparation, won a majority both in the country districts and in the great industrial cities, and, in this first test, received 42 percent of all votes cast. And this shows, in my opinion, that Guy Mollet's statement in favor of an utterly mad policy has only the backing of M. Mollet and that of his colleagues.

As I have said, General de Gaulle left the Government after a discussion concerning the organization of national defense. Later he re-entered the political struggle in order to discuss the Constitution, in other words the very structure of the State.

For the political parties that had succeeded in taking power had actually come to the point, in order to remain in power, of devaluating the authority of the Higher Assembly by withdrawing its right to overthrow a Cabinet or to veto a law voted by the Lower Chamber. They had agreed on the basis of proportional representation, the

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absolute sovereignty of the National Assembly (the Lower Chamber) and on the lessening of the powers granted the President of the Republic. General de Gaulle, anxious to restore the State in the country to which he had already brought back freedom, proposed that the Executive should be given true authority and, in order that this might be made possible, that the Executive should be made independent of the régime of political parties or, more precisely, of a régime in which the major political parties, which control the elections, hold in complete dependence to their will both the Assembly and the Government and, actually, all the organisms of the State. Events have shown that what is called the Third Force makes an appearance only when the State is paralyzed; then one group of parties is in a position to exercise the balance of power between the other "feudal" elements. This group of parties actually holds together in order to preserve a legal parliamentary majority which it has obtained and which it is determined at all cost to preserve. But the arbitration of this self-seeking group is necessarily based on compromise, and this endless compromise paralyzes both political and national life, ending as it does in such an expression as M. Mollet's absurd formula. It is absurd because it is impossible to deny the peril of Moscow's imperialism, absurd because, if a cold war exists in Europe, a bloody war is already being fought in Asia where Soviet troops are but a few kilometers from Nanking and, in Southern China, where they are in direct contact with Vietmin troops which latter, under the hammer and sickle, are fighting French soldiers.

Consequently, if M. Mollet's declaration disgusts me it does not astonish me. As I wrote these lines he was at the Socialist Congress and, according to eight press agency dispatches, was busy greeting the delegates of foreign Socialist Parties to the tune of the *Internationale*. No matter what it says, the Socialist Party is a Marxist party. It therefore considers that its temporary association with the Radicals and the MRP is an entirely natural operation. It is true, of course, that it loses all its revolutionary energy through this alliance made to protect its participation in government, but it does not, however, abandon in the slightest degree its fundamental adhesion to the whole plexus of materialistic doctrines—which is Marxism. And that certainly should not be forgotten.

In my opinion the Third Force represents that part of the French spirit which obstinately persists in wanting to go to sleep. Vichy, of which I do not wish to speak either on the political or military plane, was nothing but the momentary triumph of sleep after the fearful trial of 1940. It was against this deadly sleep that we struggled to keep France in the war. It is against this same sleep that we are struggling today to keep France in its proper place in a world still at peace. That is why, gathered together round General de Gaulle, we are fighting against the Third Force.

I am in agreement with the general lines of Philip Burnham's editorial. But I would like to add that I am surprised that he should have said, " . . . We sympathize with the way they (the Russians), as we, after a long history, and a bitter period when Germany was being prepared so that the French could debate Germany's disposition, are not dismissed as bad children from the company of our betters, leaving, as it happens, several million dead behind, and the Americans, twenty-nine million dollars' worth of brand new ERP toys."

It would not be honest of me if I did not make every effort to make him understand how difficult it is for a Frenchman to accept, even superficially, such a statement. We have immense gratitude and true friendship for America. We have also a very deep admiration for the Russian people, for Russian literature, music, art—and for Russian courage. What we are fighting is Marxism which is forcing Russia to betray its Christian destiny by submitting it to Marx, Engel, Lenin, Stalin, and all the other materialists and is plunging it into the depths of materialism. Yet when Philip Burnham produces the passage I have quoted and affirms that it was only the joint effort of Russia and America which made it possible for France to be able to express herself today, in my opinion he forgets that when the French, after five years of war and invasion and 800,000 dead, stand now before the world, they are persuaded that, in 1940, it was only the first victim of a widely prevalent weakness. Great Britain, America and Russia had to fight for long years united against the enemy before they could overcome it. Against that enemy France lost the first battle. But in all justice it is impossible to forget that we took part in all the battles that followed defeat and fought as best we could.

Mr. Burnham is a Catholic; I am a Catholic. Consequently he believes in the value of sacrifice. What does he think of the sacrifice we made, not only of the 100,000 who were executed, but the 200,000 who died of hunger, cold and blows in the abominable horror of concentration camps, a horror which as a soldier I may say was so far worse than any hardships endured by the military.

France is honestly and entirely convinced that it took part in its own liberation and made every possible effort to win this liberation. I should like to give just one instance of what France itself accomplished. As a result of sabotage carried out by the Resistance Movement, French industrial production under German control had fallen in 1943 by 74 percent. When the Allied Armies landed in France, out of the railway network of 43,000 kilometers only 16,000 had not been rendered unusable. That did not happen all by itself; it was the work of Frenchmen, in other words the work of that part of the French spirit which is conscious of France's European destiny and which accepts neither sleep nor despair.

GUILLAIN DE BENOUVILLE.

General de Benouville, a member of the Executive Committee of the Rally of the French People (RPF), *the movement headed by General de Gaulle, is the author of a history of the French Resistance entitled "Le Sacrifice du Matin."*

LETTER TO AN AMERICAN

Rome, Italy

DEAR Miss Dorothy Day: In Italy you are not unknown. I may add that I myself wrote about you for the Italian public when you left Communism for Catholicism, or, as you put it in the title of your book when you traveled "From Union Square to Rome."

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In becoming a Catholic you did not forsake the cause of suffering minorities and you made the *Catholic Worker* a center for that work of social reintegration that can be carried out—while we await full justice—only in the spirit of true charity.

Your letter to THE COMMONWEAL (May 21, 1948) reflects your bitterness at the existence of evil in our world, and at social injustice specifically which is a most offensive aspect of evil for anyone filled with the Christian feeling. You speak about American oil companies which have bartered God for oil in their efforts to exploit Arabian oil fields. These efforts have resulted in compelling American employees to work on Sunday and rest on Friday for the purpose of pleasing the Mohammedans—and also for the purpose of despoiling the natural resources of their lands. "So don't let us talk," you write, "any more of saving our Faith when we beat the drums for a war with Russia. It is a war between Empires and neither of them is Christian." Should this war break out, the usual hypocrisy will make use of the usual words of love and country but what will be at stake will be simply greed and hate. You write: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his brothers, and the Russians are our brothers, the Negro is our brother, the Japanese are our brothers, the Germans, the Mexicans, the Filipinos, the Jew, the Arab." And here you are of course continuing your fight—it is your Christian duty—against that race prejudice which is so deeply rooted in American feeling, especially in the Southern States of your country where equality with other races, and especially with the colored race, is not tolerated although the Negroes are children (not stepchildren) of the one Father.

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But then you add words which we Italians find difficult to understand: "The Italian victory is not a victory. It is a postponement. The Church, the faithful, have not yet met the challenge." The Christian Democrats did not win the elections of April 18 by spiritual means but rather by using material means, the usual means of force, used by all political parties, worldly means and not the means that are those of the folly of the cross. And you explain this attitude: "We do not yet know what the folly of the cross means. Loving our enemy? We only fear him. We have great possessions, like the young man in the Gospel, and we turn from Christ to the use of force to protect them. Not our Church, our school, our home. We are losing the battle at home, without the Russians lifting a finger. So let's not have any more talk about God and country. The battle is for this world, for the possessions of this world."

This is bitterness indeed, akin to the Jeremiads, but it is also a generalization, and, in connection with the Italian elections, it is unmerited.

For it is not fair to assert that the Church in Italy was not fighting for spiritual values. The Church and the faithful led by the Pope, all the Italian people, fought the electoral battle with a serious and mature intelligence that surprised the Italians themselves. They fought primarily for those spiritual values that Lacordaire summarized in two words: "God and Freedom"—values rooted deep in the Christian and democratic conscience of Europe.

The fact is that most of us did not rebel against Communism because of its social and economic program; we rose against it because of its politics and its atheism. For Communism is a dictatorship: of the proletariat, to be sure, yet a dictatorship with an infallible leadership and a secret police; it is a fanatical sect that can exist only by suppressing freedom. It is a religion turned upside down which, as Berdyaev has said, remakes man according to an industrial and mechanical plan established from above. It is the end of Christian man; it frees man from the freedom of the sons of God; it is Satan's attempt to avenge the Redemption.

In Italy, as everywhere, Marxism threatened to impose a materialist conception of the world, excluding God and the soul and treating religion as a bourgeois superstructure to be tolerated in a first stage, but to be destroyed in a second, for as Zhdanov of the Cominform teaches, Communism and religion are irreconcilable. Marxism threatened to impose on a Catholic nation the materialistic and atheistic leadership of such men as Togliatti, Longo, Terracini, Secchia, and to repeat in Italy the same operation carried out in Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia—an operation consisting in putting into power a minority after throwing out of the window democratic ministers of state, pensioning republican presidents, and sending to forced labor those citizens too devoted to the ideas of freedom.

The Church, Christ's people, took up the challenge and defeated the attempt. The Church and the Italian people defended themselves. Their efforts saved both peace and freedom, both Europe and democracy. For, democracy saves itself by adherence to Christianity while disassociation from Christianity leads it to totalitarianism.

Inevitably there were pharisees mingled with the humble and sincere Italian people who took shelter behind nobler spirits in this crusade against materialism and these men fought solely for profit. But such is the destiny of the Church Militant (it is called militant because it fights; if it did nothing but weep it would be called the Church in Tears) and here the Church suffers as Christ suffered—for Judas inserted his own personal greed into the very sacrifice of the Redeemer.

Of course there were bad Catholics who saw no more than an opportunity to make their fortunes. And yet it was a combat which the British Socialist, Ivor Thomas, compared to Lepanto, that is to another great liberation of rational Christian civilization and of freedom from the threat of the fatalism that earlier invaders were bringing into the Western world.

The avidity and weakness of some few men does not tarnish the glory of a popular revolt which amply proved the power of faith in a materialistic century. The Italian victory is a real victory and not a postponement. And the Communists have shown its reality by their furious disappointment.

Furthermore, it may be asked what meaning can have the word postponement or the word victory in connection with the life of the Church Militant? Does Miss Day

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think—I know she does not—that there can be such a thing as victory, and that after it we can live like retired bourgeois and consider that all that has to be done has been done. No, the battle must be fought again day after day; it will end only with the end of the world itself, and it will be preceded not by a period of repose after victory, but by a furious and devastating apostasy. There will be indeed a final victory, but in the other world, and it will belong to the Church Triumphant.

Our fight against Communism was not dictated by fear alone, for if that had been our motive the whole history of the Church Militant would be incomprehensible. It would be impossible to explain why the Church had refused to submit to the Roman Empire, or why it had maintained its faith against paganism, and later against the simonists and the Arians and the Albigensians and all the other heresies whose political and social powers threatened, might have been, and were not appeased.

Marxism is the heresy of our times, it is the present attempt to overwhelm or deform orthodoxy. Truth has to be defended. As Dante said:

Temer si dee di sole quelle cose
Ch'hanno potenza di fare altrui male

And one of the things that alone must be feared because it can hurt others is materialism.

We are obliged to love men who believe in materialism but our fear of their philosophy must be a real fear, for only by defeating it will we be able to love. Materialism imposes hatred, civil war, fratricide; it forces a practical apostasy worse than any formal apostasy brought about by torture. Goebbels and Togliatti, Farinacci and Nenni, the *Beobachter,* the *Popolo d'Italia, L'Avanti, L'Unita* accuse priests (as people have been doing ever since Caiaphas) of political action, just as they accuse the Church of solidarity with capitalism in order to place it within the framework of the class struggle and despoil and subdue it. Defending itself, the Church hates nothing but hate—and class hatred in particular.

A Christian, if he is not a dilettante, is ready to give his life for the Russians and for the Arabs, the Japanese and the Jews—and even for other Christians—but he is not ready, and can never be ready to give his soul for any material advantage, whether offered him by Faust or Stalin.

Miss Day, your generous complaint is the same complaint that first the Prophets and then the Apostles kept uttering—and after them the Fathers of the Church, the Doctors, the ascetics, the Saints, the Popes—because it is ever reborn at the sight of the eternal contrast between our ideals and accomplishment.

Our adversaries continue to minimize the deep spiritual significance of the Italian elections and this harms them but it helps us, for it is our strength which they do not recognize. Yet it would be well if they could only come to understand us, and it would be well that you, Miss Day, a little better understood events that have honored the universal Church. Understanding, your bitterness about the oil wells in Arabia would be lessened for, after all, the Italian victory for freedom and for the Faith is far more important. In Italy we are not rich except in love of God and the Blessed Virgin, it is through this love that we have saved ourselves.

Just as you came to Rome from Union Square, we await the entrance of our Italian Communist brothers into that love which is the Church. It was this love that gave us victory against them; it was for their sake that we fought.

IGINO GIORDANI.

The Stage & Screen

A Book Note

IF THERE were any hope (and I do not say there is) for a change in the quality of our stage criticism, it ought to be effected at this time by Henry James. James's theater essays have just been assembled for the first time and published in one volume, and it is to be hoped the publishers will forgive me the partiality of this notice after only a weekend's reading. The book* is beautifully composed and remarkably edited by Allan Wade with the date of each piece firmly signified at the start, and followed by an italic recording of place and circumstance in the author's history. In his introduction Mr. Wade hazards that the collection ought to take its place next to Shaw and Beerbohm on any theater shelf. I wish it would go in advance. We are at present so sunk in a kind of simple descent from these two men it seems to me that a critical nadir has been reached where quite profitably prejudice constitutes authority, opinion experience, and promotion rules all. There is no history. Reading any accumulation of present-day stage reviews, one finds one can learn all about the man writing, but little about the theater at all. Therefore, of course, the theater learns nothing, and neither certainly do the subsidiary machine arts. James's method is different: he is hard, he is extremely witty, he is honestly experienced, but most of all, he *describes.* It is unquestionably his passion and respect for the art of acting which enables him so perfectly to reproduce for the reader the effect of the play: its constructed airs, its fable, its opportunities for gesture, picture, speech and movement. With him you are *at the performance,* which is where any reader and certainly every critic belongs, and where alas, so few ever arrive.

This is not to say that there is no intellectual progress to be noted in the essays, which range from the year 1872 to 1901, and from Paris to Boston and New York, and to London. The book is so well planned, it is immediately possible to match the pieces to the major James works under way at the time. James was, of course, never a professional theater reviewer. Within limitations, one gets a certain amount of personal choice in his subjects. There are studies of Ristori, Irving, Salvini and Coquelin; of Dumas fils, Rostand, and Ibsen; and of all the theaters housing these actors and dramatists. One finds indeed that he progresses from a first

* The Scenic Art. Henry James. Rutgers. $4.50.

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extreme delight and (I think I can call it) *resting* in the traditional arts and conventions of the *Comédie Française* to a kind of nettled wish for a "certain imaginative good faith and naïveté" to combat "that terribly tough and lean old performer, *l'esprit Parisien";* progresses from this to call, rather peevishly, Ellen Terry too "natural," while at the same time Irving's halting diction seems to him barbarous; progresses from this accurately to describe the Lyceum's artificial and gigantic "upholstery" and to decline it; and finally, reverses all, to write the play himself and to admit (Mr. Wade's note), in the year before he died, to a "deeply obscured and discouraged interest in the drama" rather than the theater.

The clue to this final statement lies, I think, not only in James's own crucial failure as a playwright, but even more in his precise grasp (here contained in the dialogue, "After The Play") of the growing mechanism of the stage. In theater terms, James never confuses machinery with scenery, nor indeed scenery with the *scene*. For him it was the French conception of drama—the literal *mise en scène*— which spelled all, just it did for Shaw. As Shaw might have said, even as a novelist James possessed the chief dramatic gift. He *dealt* in the scene: the room with the girl; the ball with the dancers; the park with the reading young man. And here, for the theater, he deals in the play with the actor—the speaking gesturing, wrought person.

I think Mr. Wade has been subtly wise in naming the collection "The Scenic Art." Certainly it is a recognition of this "Art" which might turn criticism towards forms again, rather than merely practice; towards a return of drama to our theater and of our scenes to the stage and screens.

KAPPO PHELAN.

Back to Violence

IT SEEMS a bit strange to return to New York, after a delightful vacation in cool, placid Colorado where the most rugged aspect was the scenery, and to start right in reviewing films, particularly films of crime and violence which are our fare this week. Fortunately these three examples are worthy of consideration.

Perhaps the most unusual point about *"Key Largo"* is that this Maxwell Anderson play, which won little applause while it was on the stage, has been made into a top-notch movie. Main credit should go to John Huston for his excellent direction and for the screenplay which he wrote with Richard Brooks. Of course, Mr. Anderson deserves a little praise too—for this is a movie that not only moves well cinematically, but also is pregnant with ideas. And furthermore Producer Jerry Wald and the good cast should rate more than a slight pat on the back. The theme is one that concerns us all: we are part of the world and it is our business to help get rid of the evildoers who try to take over. In this instance, Humphrey Bogart portrays a disillusioned ex-army major who arrives during the off-season at a Florida hotel to tell its owner (Lionel Barrymore) and his daughter-in-law (Lauren Bacall) about the death of Barrymore's son during the war. Bogart finds the hotel taken over by a group of gangsters led by a deported racketeer. Edward G. Robinson manages to make this character one of the most vicious in filmdom—whom this man can't corrupt he terrifies; and it almost looks as if he and his gang are going to succeed in their foul work at the hotel because war-weary Bogart refuses to stick his neck out again. But after these despicable men push the gentle folk in the hotel around through several painful scenes (most effective of which shows Claire Trevor as Robinson's alcoholic moll pathetically singing for her drinks) and after the gangsters are responsible for the death of two Indians, Bogart decides that nobody's safe as long as these Little Caesars are alive, that people are worth fighting for, that dying isn't really the important thing. If *"Key Largo"* were just a sermon, it would be worth listening to, but as a dramatically devised movie, its points are made doubly effective. Because it is so well done, you can take it as a straight melodrama; but if you want to, you can listen for whom the bell tolls.

"Raw Deal," which was well directed by Anthony Mann, manages to put over a few good points too, but unfortunately the film has so much violence and is so tense that it almost screams for a little comedy relief and a few calm moments during which we can consider what it's trying to say. It tells the story of an escaped convict (Dennis O'Keefe) who is helped by two women; one who is from his own low level (Claire Trevor) and the other (Marsha Hunt) who sees him as something from under a stone but believes that there must be some good in him somewhere. The good girl finally proves her point, but goes through crime and high water to do it and comes too dangerously close to lawlessness herself in her attempts to save the criminal. The acting is good and the suspense is terrific. If you can stand this kind of brutality and if you want to fight your way through every step of O'Keefe's battle with both the cops and the gangsters, this picture could be for you.

"The Street With No Name" requires quite a bit of fortitude on your part too. It is another of these well-made, semi-documentary films showing how the FBI goes into action to get their men. This time, after several fascinating scenes showing the FBI academy teaching its men the ropes (and believe me this is no girls' school routine), we follow several agents (one in particular, played by Mark Stevens) and see how he worms his way into a gang, gets their confidence, exposes them to the police and finally helps the top FBI*ers* round up the lot. William Keighly has directed Harry Kleiner's script with emphasis on violence, actual locale and sincere, straightforward performances. Richard Widmark is excellent as the toughest and sneeriest of the gangsters; and Lloyd Nolan gives a good solid performance as an FBI chief who is not shaken by even the worst of criminals. While this effective picture makes clear that gangsterism is returning and that many of the gangsters of today were the juvenile delinquents of yesterday, it does nothing about solving the problem at the source. Perhaps I'm asking for too much, but couldn't we have a few more films (like *"Fighting Father Dunne"*) that show what should be done about men before they get shoved too far down the path of delinquency?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

CHRISTIAN LABOR UNIONS IN 8 COUNTRIES

The Hague, 7/15 (CIP)—The International Federation of Christian Labor Unions, with headquarters at Utrecht, Netherlands, has announced that it has now 2,406,700 members in 10 affiliated national organizations in 8 countries. There are more national organizations than countries because in the Netherlands and in Switzerland Catholic and Protestant workers have separate unions, both of which are affiliated with the international body. The total figure includes 600,000 members of the Italian Christian Workers' Association (ACLI), which has been granted "special" membership though it is not a labor union organization in the strict meaning of the word but an educational group representing the "Christian trend" inside the "unified" labor unions (CGIL).

Present membership figures are as follows:

France (CFTC)	800,000
Italy (ACLI)	600,000
Belgium (CSC)	429,000
Netherlands ,NKA, Catholic)	251,400
Netherlands (CNV, Protestant)	131,300
Canada (CTC)	70,000
Basque Workers' Solidarity (Spain)	70,000
Switzerland (CNGB, Catholic)	40,000
Switzerland (SVEAA, Protestant)	12,000
Luxembourg (CGB)	3,000
Total	2,406,700

The International Federation of Christian Labor Unions formerly had many more members, the headquarters release pointed out. The organizations in Germany (with 1,250,000 members) and Austria (100,000 members) have not been re-established because these countries have now "unified" labor unions. Affiliated organizations have been destroyed in Poland (formerly 750,000 members), Czechoslovakia (300,000), Hungary (150,000), Yugoslavia (30,000), Lithuania, and Spain. The Basque Workers' Solidarity which is still affiliated cannot function legally in Spain but has headquarters in France.

The International Federation of Christian Labor Unions is recognized as a "Consultative Member of Class A" of the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, together with the World Federation of Trade Unions, the American Federation of Labor, and several other groups.

BRAZIL TO HAVE THREE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES

Rio de Janeiro, 7/14 (CIP)—*Archbishop Antonio dos Santos Cabra* of Belo Horizonte has announced that the preliminary work for the establishment of a Catholic University in his city has been completed and that the University will be opened in the near future. It will be the third Catholic University in the country. The National Catholic University of Brazil, at Rio de Janeiro, was founded in 1940, the Catholic University of Sao Paulo in 1942.

COLOGNE PARISHES TO BUILD HOMES TO COMMEMORATE CATHEDRAL JUBILEE

Cologne, 7/16 (CIP)—*Cardinal Frings,* Archbishop of Cologne, has announced that the parishes of Cologne are planning to commemorate the 700th anniversary of Cologne Cathedral by building a "village" on Church land to provide homes for homeless families. In view of the housing shortage, the Cardinal explained, this is felt to be the best memorial that could be erected.

In the same pastoral letter in which this announcement was made, *Cardinal Frings* expressed his gratitude to Pope Pius XII for appointing *Cardinal Micara,* prefect of the Vatican Congregation of Rites, Papal Legate to the Cologne Cathedral ceremonies, August 15 to 22. This is "a visible proof of the great interest which the Holy Father is taking in the destiny of the German people," he stated. The Cardinal also expressed joy over the great number of foreign Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops who have announced that they plan to be present at the Cologne ceremonies. Their participation, the Cardinal stated, will be "a symbol of the unity of the Christian West and a mirror of the spiritual reunion of the peoples of Europe and the New World." The Hierarchy of the United States will be represented at the Cologne Cathedral ceremonies by Bishop John Mark Gannon of Erie.

RUMANIAN CHIEF RABBI FLED ABROAD

Bucharest, 7/14 (CIP)—A new Chief Rabbi for Rumania was elected June 16 because the former Chief Rabbi, *M. Shafran,* left his post "without authorization" December 23, 1947, and fled abroad. This escape was kept secret for almost half a year and was made public only 9 days before the election of his successor.

ATHENS ORTHODOX ARCHBISHOP GOES TO MOSCOW

Athens, 7/12 (CIP)—*Archbishop Damaskinos,* Head of the Orthodox Church of Greece and former Regent of Greece, has left by air for Moscow, in order to take part in the Conference of Orthodox Church leaders called by *Patriarch Alexei* of Moscow, on the occasion of the 500th anniversary of the independence of the Russian Orthodox Church.

The Archbishop's departure has produced a great deal of astonishment here because he is the first important Church leader from outside the Russian zone of influence to have accepted the Russian invitation. The Archbishop's anti-Communist attitude, which is well known in Russia as well as in Greece, makes it unlikely that he intends to play the Russian game in the community of Eastern Orthodox Churches. There are persistent rumors, however, that the Archbishop has accepted the Russian Patriarch's invitation at the request of the Greek Government and that he will work in an indirect way for a withdrawal of Russian support to the Guerrilla Government of *General Markos Vafiadis,* in Northern Greece.

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Good Riddance?

EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Even assuming that the Truman-Barkley ticket is a full-fledged continuation of the New Deal, the Democrats' poor chances for November mean that that factor in American politics is finished for a time. The New Deal itself had long lost its momentum and for the past decade has been grinding to a halt. Now that it is definitively stopped should we regret its passing?

Without reviving too heatedly the controversies of recent presidential campaigns, it is possible today to do a bit of weighing up. In its heyday the New Deal provoked the widest swath of charges. Government was unduly interfering and competing with private business. It was supporting vast numbers of idlers on a dole. It had destroyed the widow's savings by tampering with the dollar. It was paying farmers to kill their little pigs and plow under their crops when vast areas of the world outside were suffering from malnutrition. It had vastly increased the number of government employees and built up a political machine without parallel in our history. And, naturally, increased costs of government bore down heavily on small businesses and individual taxpayers. It was arousing great animosities between labor and management, inciting such class hatreds, that America would never again be the same.

There are more or less satisfactory answers to all these charges, but there is enough truth embodied in them to nurture considerable doubts on the part of any but the blindest devotees of Mr. Roosevelt. But the most damaging realization of all, which has been growing plainer with the years, is that despite great expenditures and everything it tried, his administration had not found the key to national recovery and absorbing the unemployed. Only the war produced that. Peacetime prosperity is as elusive an object as ever. The only clue we have is what war does. If the United States could find some economic equivalent for war, some peaceful means of producing and dumping without thereby bringing the other nations to their knees, then we might look forward to sustained peacetime prosperity. But the fact I am underlining here is that since the New Deal failed to come up with the prescription for national recovery it so vigorously promised, people tend to believe that it was barren of results—in short, an over-all failure.

That such a view would be mistaken becomes evident in any serious historical recapping of the period. In the most current one* Mr. Dixon Wecter sounds at times like a disk jockey glibly highlighting any single year in the 1930's, the dance tunes of which he is about to set revolving. Yet the book actually embodies a most solid accumulation of relevant data and has been checked by an impressive list of experts. In fact it almost succeeds in bringing alive those distant days when not only were a total of fifteen million American breadwinners without work but fear stalked many million additional households. I daresay that there are not many of us, after all the world has gone through in the past ten years, who can now feel in our bones how bad that aspect of things really was back in 1931-1933.

The real wonder in these present days of political doldrums is that a phenomenon such as the New Deal could have tackled so many evils of our society head on and actually have accomplished so much. That some of its achievements are still with us we recall at odd moments: a New Jersey judge pleads guilty to having made off with some $657,000 of the funds of a bank of which he was an officer. That there is no run on said bank, spreading to its affiliated institutions, is due in large part to the New Deal. For every depositor now has his funds there up to $5,000 guaranteed by the federal government.

That is as good an achievement to begin with as any, especially since banking and securities reform and the reestablishment of confidence was one of the first things Mr. Roosevelt put across. I pass over quickly the early days of work relief and other immediate emergency measures. There are plenty of lasting accomplishments on which the New Deal can base its case.

There is the long list of useful projects accomplished under the Public Works Administration, ranging from the smallest model house to the completion of the giant Boulder Dam more than two years ahead of schedule. Such a list would include badly needed slum clearance and low-cost housing, airports, hospital facilities, sewage systems and waterworks, school buildings, connecting roads and the TVA widely applauded model of large-scale river valley development.

Child labor and sweatshop were greatly restricted. A minimum wage was set up together with a maximum work week. Collective bargaining, whereby the American worker had something to say about the conditions upon which he was employed, at last came into its own. Through the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation and the Home Owners' Loan Corporation many an American roof in city, country and suburb remained over the head of a family which would otherwise have been dispossesed. There were demonstration greenbelt towns of the Resettlement Administration and, more extensively, the thousands of men and women whom the Farm Security Administration was able to give a new start in life on land on which their labors were able to sustain them.

As indicated above, one of the most vulnerable sectors of the New Deal program was its farm policy. Yet it also included elements which were remarkably successful. The Food Stamp plan brought farm surpluses to needy families in our American cities. The inculcation of good soil conservation practice plus the distribution of soil-building mineral fertilizers produced at TVA's Muscle Shoals set in train the arduous task of repairing the ravages caused by decades of soil-mining by American farmers. The Rural Electrification Administration made possible, with the aid of rural cooperatives in large measure, the modernization of at least one-third of the nation's farms. Farm prices which had long been below parity were effectively supported. What this has meant

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*The Age of the Great Depression. Dixon Wecter. Macmillan. $5.00.

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to our widely scattered farm population is incalculable.

The Democratic Party is more split today over the issue of civil rights than any other. And it is highly characteristic that the New Deal itself took on the problems of our most depressed group, the American Negro. Not only through immediate relief, but also by supplanting slums with low-cost housing of a decent sort, rural resettlement, providing more adequate recreational facilities, through the new standards of wages and hours and the Fair Employment Practices Commission, "the New Deal did more for the Negro than any other administration since the Civil War," to quote Mr. Wecter.

In citing this incomplete and rather hasty list of concrete achievements and adding at the last moment the CCC and the Reciprocal Trade Program, I do not in the least imply that even a single one of them was an unalloyed success. I am not unaware of the political hay which has been made in the course of so much new government activity. Nor do I ignore the major errors made in formulating and carrying out policy. A fair appraisal could not leave out, either, the unintended by-products of this considerable pioneering. Besides, certain economic conditions today demand rectifications of a major sort. And I return to the conviction that the New Deal program fell far short of its principal goal of recovery and full employment in peacetime. The point is that the New Deal did lay many evils in the dust, help millions of Americans to clamber out of the most desperate situations and set up workable institutions and public confidence that have lasted.

Now that it is gone we should inquire into the spirit which informed it—not with the idea of exaggerating the idealism it embodied but to find out how we can once again develop popular representatives who are bold enough to pioneer in developing techniques to meet the needs of their country and willing to tackle the practical jobs which must accordingly be carried through.

Books

ANNE FREMANTLE

Newman and Bloxam. R. D. Middleton. Oxford. $6.00.
Journey into Faith. Eleanor Ruggles. Norton. $4.00
Father Dominic Barberi. Denis Gwynn. Desmond. $3.00.

SOME figures, like some battles, are always romantic. Of the English cardinals in the nineteenth century, Wiseman, Manning, and then Acton, great men, good Catholics and fine scholars all, have no emotional appeal. Newman, even to non-Catholics, is a moving figure, as Dr. Middleton's admirable book shows. And there is something infinitely appealing, that can be told and retold, in the account of the last days at Littlemore, of Newman going about with the tears pouring down his cheeks, knowing he must join the Church, yet aware of the tremendous cost of so doing. These three books are all particularly concerned with that scene, and it is most rewarding to read it in these three very differing versions. Mr. Gwynn sees it as the climax of Father Dominic's career, a fulfilling of a prophecy made to the boy whilst an unlettered farmhand near Viterbo; Eleanor Ruggles sees it as the "change from death to life . . . too deep for easy emotions"; Dr. Middleton writes of Newman's "secession," his "passing to Rome."

The most interesting part of Denis Gwynn's book is his account of the stuffiness—there is no other word for it—of the Catholic laity in England shortly after Catholic Emancipation (against which Newman voted). These "scattered old families with Catholic servants and laborers", whose "priests no less than they desired only to lead their own lives and follow their own religion in peace and seclusion as their fathers had done for generations." Dr. Gentili's introduction of public processions and of the wearing of scapulars and holy medals had been keenly resented. Even Wiseman's affection for the rosary was considered a sign that he would never shake off the foreign influences which had made him unsuited for work in England." Newman's "fastidious reticence" in the face of Father Dominic's outburst in the *Tablet* is amusingly described, as well as Newman's testimony to Cardinal Parocchi in the process for Father Dominic's canonization. These three books are all not only scholarly, but very readable: perhaps especially Mr. Gwynn's, for the lives of Father Dominic are all out of print, and his is a most remarkable story, of a flowering that began at forty. Father Dominic's holiness impressed everyone, shining as it did through a solid, unascetical appearance, and having to compete with a difficulty with foreign languages which amounted to a comic turn, and caused even a pious congregation to give way to "restrained giggles."

Newman seems to have had an almost unique capacity for friendship, and Dr. Bloxam's lifelong devotion to his vicar survived even the strain of a total separation in faith. When Pusey got the letter telling him, as Samuel Wilberforce, Anglican Bishop of Oxford, put it, "that the end no longer approached, but had come," he walked about with it all day, "not daring to open it, knowing intuitively what tidings it told." How great a shock "Newman's passing" (as Dr. Middleton calls his conversion—not his death) was, is interestingly told: how little, in comparison, the Church thought of what she had gained, is brought out by Father Dominic, to whom Newman was "one of the humblest and most lovable men I have met in my life." There is great rejoicing, but no sign of the hysteria that seems to have overcome at all events the language of Dr. Newman's Anglican colleagues. Newman must have been one of the most appealing of all literary figures, and the affectionate warmth of his personality shines through everything written by, or about him. Perhaps Dr. Middleton is too patently delighted that Newman should have suffered so in making his great decision, and that his conversion was followed by "long years of distrust and suspicion; he seems to be living a wasted life" when he had, hardly a chapter earlier, quoted Pusey as writing, "Our Church has not known how to employ him; with us he was laid aside."

Whether Newman ever got consolation, or peace, or light from his faith is a secret between him and his Maker; that he did find the going hard is none, and Dr. Middleton makes the most of his admissions. The process of conversion is a slow and mysterious thing: one can read all the accounts, study all the evidence, and still be unaware of the reality, as one can read all the reports of a wedding, see the photographs of the bridal party, and have no notion whether the young couple were in love,

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or what was the degree of their affection. Still, the more one reads, the more interesting the slow tale becomes, perhaps the best-documented step-by-step story of a change of heart that has ever been written down. And these three books are all additions to our knowledge, and to the 'lore' which surrounds Newman, and makes him such a unique figure.

Son of the Moon. Joseph G. Hitrec. Harpers. $3.00.
Tumult in India. George E. Jones. Dodd. $3.00.
Nehru of India. Cornelia Spencer. John Day. $2.50.
Nehru on Gandhi. John Day. $2.00.

JOSEPH HITREC, born in Yugoslavia, has done a remarkable job of getting right under the skin of a completely alien culture. His novel about a Hindu family is not only seen from the inside, but felt; and he communicates both vision and emotion to his readers in a most satisfactory way. He has painted, incidentally, an admirable picture of a young man growing up, of first lust and first love, and the difference between them. And he has sensitively conveyed the tensions and intimacies of a large, warm family: in making all his individual characters alive, different and whole.

Viday Ramsingh, aged 24, returned home after two years in England, is something of a celebrity: he has made the first solo flight from India to England, and has had a very happy time there. But he is glad to be back, with his father, Jagnath, and his ailing, saintly mother, Kasturbai, his pretty sister Tara, his Muslim friend Salim Haq. And Chanda, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the feminist Mrs. Prashad, and his uncle, the saintly Uday, and a crowded canvas of Indian faces, welcome him in their different fashions. He has considerable difficulty in "adjusting," but the reader, whilst following him, learns a tremendous amount about India. The politics, the religion, the hatreds and class and caste distinctions, the warp and woof of modern India, just before the British quit, all are remarkably woven into a magnificent tapestry. Salim's death, murdered by hooligans, is the occasion for a touching vignette about Islam; Kasturbai's death, and Viday's marriage, give Hinduism its due. Few descriptions of a girl giving herself wholly are as touching as the account of Chandra and Viday on the seashore, and their love, so ancient yet so new, is most delicately drawn. Indeed, all the people and things are interiorly viewed: Viday's journey through India—he wants to sell Indians the idea of a pilgrim plane service—points up the evils of plutocracy and idleness, the backwardness as well as the fundamental strength of this old civilization dressed up as a new republic.

Far more can be learnt about Indian problems, and conditions, from reading this really masterly novel—which is more of a story, and yet as much a documentary as Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath"—than from Mr. Jones's very dull, but sound, "Tumult in India." Mr. Jones was New York *Times* correspondent, but the people to whom he expresses gratitude are not Indians, except for one, who is, and has been, only associated with the Princes, never with the people. Sir Frederick Puckle of the British Embassy in Washington, and Miss Eleanor Herrington of the British Information Services in New York, are a trifle outmoded as authorities, and Mr. Jones's is a backward glance: indeed, the reader feels that Mr. Jones like Thomas Traherne "by backward steps would move."

The John Day Company's two little books suffer from the opposite fault—they are so anxious to be red hot spot news, up to the minute deadline dispatches, that they achieve only a somewhat breathless journalism. Nothing Mrs. Spencer has to say on Nehru is a quarter as good as what Nehru has to say about himself. If her little book sends her young readers to Nehru's own superb writings that will be at least something in its favor. It is supposedly written for American children, but lacks the quality Minoo Masani has of writing young without writing down: indeed, sad to say, "Nehru of India" has very little quality at all. Nehru's articles and speeches about Gandhi are useful as a volume of reference: but again, this compilation would have been much better done if done less quickly.

What Comes of Training Women for War. American Council on Education. $3.00.

ONE-THIRD of a million women served in the United States military forces during World War II between the years 1943 and 1945. The requirements for admission to any of the services—WAC, WAVES, SPAR, nurses and WASP—were definitely higher than the selective service requirements for men. Most of the women were high school graduates, and a large proportion had college experience. No woman with young dependent children was accepted. Women throughout the armed forces were used either to increase the available manpower, or to furnish some service, such as nursing, for which women were indispensable. The number and variety of duties which they could perform had been underestimated, and throughout the war their sphere of action constantly increased. Though they served overseas, they never engaged in combat duties—unlike both the British and the Russian women. The highest ranks attained by women were major or lieutenant commander, and their training and treatment corresponded very closely to that of their male opposite numbers—basic training, officers schools, etc.

On the whole, the over-all picture shows that women enjoyed their service. They liked above all the feeling of being needed and useful; they liked the equality; "irrelevant sex distinctions tended to disappear, and women's field of usefulness tended to broaden", and the war experience produced permanent gains in the status, freedom and capacities of American women. Women, in general, took to regimentation very easily, and in a great number of cases actually liked it; on the one hand, it satisfied those seeking security; on the other, those pining for adventure. And almost all the women found it satisfying to be part of a great venture and to have their small effort gain recognition as a contribution to the whole.

To find an emotionally satisfying alternative to war then, would seem to be the major problem of peace. To make the daily life of the Republic as satisfying for all its members as its defense, to procure emotional satisfaction for everyone that is not dependent on the fear of death or on the stimulation of danger—these are overwhelming psychological necessities, which, in this cold war, are frozen out by the democracies. The whole life must be one in which all the primitive urges have been sublimated: the better the translation, the more perfect the final speech. The primal drives, sex, hunger, fear, must be resolved for every member of every community, into

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family, labor, social living. And as this survey well shows, it often happens that "the most tempestuous weather is the best seed-time," and that things may be learnt under duress that had been neglected when the pressure was removed. Women, released from chores and child-bearing, are power enough to drive the world to peace, could they but be harnessed by constructive, as they were by destructive, forces. From reading the American Council's admirably detailed and data-ed book, the urgent necessity of national service for all, for at least some part of their lives, emerges as an emotional, psychological and practical necessity.

New Song in a Strange Land. Esther Warner. Houghton. $3.50.

ESTHER WARNER is a sculptress; her husband a Firestone employee and she feels very differently about Liberia than did, or do, the wives (forty) of the other hundred and twenty-five Firestone employees on the rubber plantation. She describes, brilliantly, how they bring a potted geranium or crocheted doilies from the U.S.A. to this country of burnished wood and orchids to remind them of home; how, always, they are homesick for their mid-Western village, or their New York suburb, and then, home on furlough, cannot wait to get back to insects, scorpions and craw-craw (sores you get from being dirty). Why cannot one be homesick for the beautiful, and not only for the familiar? she asked, and threw herself into local life with indomitable gusto. Liberia was first the home of pepper: the whites discovered pepper and carried it back to Queen Elizabeth; then they carried off the blacks too; then, getting remorse, they sent the blacks back, but the blacks had grown white hearts, and were, so the aborigines think, become worse than the whites. There is something of the complete tolerance of the other point of view in this book that is so remarkable in "A Prevalence of Witches." Mrs. Warner accepts polygamy, and the quite revolting callousness towards infant life of the Liberians, with something of the unconcern of Mr. Menen's enchanting phantasy. And she has a nice appetite, one might almost say avidity, for native lore. But one wishes it were possible to translate pidgin English into the more usual kind: a little of it gives local color and is quite fun, but 302 pages of it are curiously exasperating. Mrs. Warner, the dust-cover says, is a "professional hobbyist" and she has a wonderful ear, and Jo Bendel, who has done the illustrations, has a great facility for catching the liveliness of Liberia in the feat. But a certain smugness informs this book, a certain see-how-near-the-native-I-can-get; for example: "we had stood together, reverent before the surprises in grain revealed in newly-carved wood. What need had we for the feeble inadequacies of speech? Old man in country-cloth chief-robe and American hat, you of the sensitive hands and shining eyes and booming laugh, had become a vibrant chord in the new song I had slowly learned in this strange land." The notes might have been more on pitch if Mrs. Warner had learnt to be a vibrant cord in the chief's old song?

American Children Through Their Books: 1700-1835. *Monica Kiefer. Pennsylvania.* $3.50.

THIS IS INDEED a book to purr over, both for its scholarship, its wit and intrinsic interest. Lord David Cecil recently wrote admirably but briefly about the "early Victorian" children's books in England: here Monica Kiefer, a Dominican Sister of St. Mary of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio, has done a remarkably thorough job about American children's literature. She declares that her analysis of the emancipation of the child from his early status of "total depravity," to his present, "position as a cherished factor in the social life of the nation" falls naturally into two parts: ". . . from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the opening of the Revolution" which the author terms "the theological age," whilst the second period, from the close of the Revolution to the middle of the eighteen thirties, "describes the influence of a utilitarian philosophy." The earlier titles are themselves most alarming: "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes," for example, or Michael Wiggleworth's "Day of Doom." From France came, as ever, that flippancy and phantasy for which that flighty nation is famous: Mother Goose arrived in England from Paris in 1729, and in 1760 Mother Goose's "Melodies or Sonnets for the Cradle," had an apology, written by Oliver Goldsmith, naming Caractatus, King of the Britons, as having been lulled to sleep by "some of these soporiferous sonnets." Goldsmith's own favorite was "the old woman tossed up in a blanket." Alas, Mrs. Sherwood's "The Fairchild Family," on which I was most happily raised, and to which I still turn in moments of despondency (such delightful incidents—Mr. Fairchild popping the fat strawberry into his son Henry's bread and milk, whilst Emily suffers the pangs of jealousy; or the awful occasion of Miss Augusta's burning to death in a muslin frock, and, it is to be feared, in the act of committing at least the venial sin of vanity)

THE NEW NOVEL BY
DR. A. J.
Cronin
SHANNON'S WAY

Dorothy Wilding photo

By the author of
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is despised by Monica Kiefer. Yet how much more realistic to pander to a child's passion for violence, as the Fairchild Family does whilst always adding the reason and the moral, than to do so, as today, through the comics, with no sting attached! The sadism of Grimm is softened by the seriousness of the sequels: if you think of your red shoes in church, your feet in them will be cut off: Superman shows no such logic: spy and sleuth are slugged and slaughtered without any clear pattern of how, or why. Providence, in Monica Kiefer's earlier period, policy in the latter, enjoined good behavior to the early American child, as to his English contemporary; it is difficult to see why this was not infinitely more paying in results than is the morality of the current comics, which instruct the infant delinquent how to cut up little girls, or steal airplanes. Monica Kiefer has the right feeling towards the books of which she speaks, even if she is Freudianly disposed against their contents. "It is impossible," she writes, "to reproduce adequately, even to a sympathetic reader, the soul of these little books, and the message imparted by their very physical make-up. Titles, quotations and prefaces, while quaint and informative, do not suffice to carry the scent of old ink, the feel of faded leaves, the lack of perspective in the grotesque illustrations, and the curious flowered or gold bindings of these tiny treasures; nor can they reproduce the touching inscriptions and crude sketches made long ago by childish hands on fly leaves or margins."

Is God Evident? Gerald Heard. Harper. $3.00.

POOR MR. HEARD! He scrabbles like Saint Paul, against the pricks, and tries so hard to find reasons for not being a Catholic. He is worried because only the Church produces saints, but comforted because the recent saints have all been people of low-grade intelligence, simple, non-intellectual types. This, he exclaims with glee, is because no one with enough mental equipment can accept the Church. He might, with profit, read Thomas Merton's essay on the relation between the poet and the contemplative, or Maritain's on the difficulties of the artist in the higher stages of prayer. The difficulties are, indeed, there, and real enough for the intellectual, but they are not of faith, but of the last vestiges of spiritual pride, and it is with the subtleties of the vestigial human arrogances that a Newman or a Charles de Foucauld or a von Hugel have to struggle, not with a Tertullian necessity to believe because it is incredible. Sometimes Mr. Heard's statements are almost funny: that "a number of converts" have said "for the sake of the Mass I'd accept any dogma and yield any scientific finding" is exceedingly unlikely: no would-be convert, making so surprisingly un-Catholic a statement, would be considered anywhere near ready for reception! Even Henry V's "Paris is worth a Mass" is a more Catholic statement—or, at all events, a less heretical one! When he is writing capsule philosophy, Mr. Heard is embarrassingly naïve: when he is writing capsule science, he is, at any rate, very interesting: his remarks on Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy, and his whole chapter on Life as Creative Choice, are fascinating, and as a summary, superficial but illuminating, of the non-determinist position today, Mr. Heard's book is valuable. But that so bold and brilliant a mind as his should deliberately and consciously prefer a mild

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Deism to the full splendor of the life of grace is as unaccountable as that so many apparently sane adults prefer watching a horse-race to riding horseback.

Love and War in the Middle English Romances: *M. A. Gist. University of Pennsylvania Press.* $4.00.

DR. GIST'S exhaustive account of love and war in the cycles of medieval legends is far from exhausting, for it is most amusingly and delightfully written, and her real scholarship and learning shine through her light and unpompous prose. But one would wish Dr. Gist's knowledge of theology equaled her knowledge of history: that marriage is no better than fornication, is Dr. Kinsey's view, not Gregory of Nyssa's, surely? The Church has always made of marriage a sacrament, whose specie are the very bodies of the married! And the author's constant sneers at the Church's position with regard to the shameful act of love (is there not a blessing for the marriage bed?) warps an otherwise interesting and rewarding study.

Tracks and Trailcraft. Ellsworth Jaeger. Macmillan. $3.95.

HERE is an essential book. From paleozoic worm to brontosaurus, from bear to grasshopper mouse, Mr. Jaeger traces the tracks of fossil animals, of barnyard animals, of field and forest animals, of birds and reptiles, and of insects and shell-fish. He is a most accomplished draughtsman, and the detail and accuracy of every one of the thousands of illustrations are amazing. This is certainly the book of the year for anybody and everybody over eighteen months, or under eighty, a book to clutch and keep, and never, even for a moment, to be without, for who can tell when one will meet the track of a marbled godwit, the sign of a gall on a goldenrod, or the imprint of a toad in the dust?

Thunder in the Mountains. Hilda Mary Hooke. Oxford. $2.50.

THIS collection of Canadian folk-tales is an admirable introduction to a Canadian holiday, and gives far more the spirit of the Canadian scene than many a guide-book or even many a history. For Canada is above all, landscape, and here is set down much of the lore that is man's only reaction to nature on a certain scale. Before desert, ocean, or forest, before mountain and prairie, man ceases to be farmer or husbandman, and becomes artist or worshipper—deep calls to deep. These childish tales of the Indians have in them also something of the majesty that conjured them, and something of the delight and cunning which man learns from the animals, and with which he also endows them. It is particularly good for United States children to be made aware, through such a book as Mrs. Hooke's, of the one-ness of the American continent at the basic levels.

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Addenda

In "Tito and Stalin" by Boris Gourevitch (July 23) the absence of a comma that remained in the make-up editor's mind put in doubt the fact that all of Montenegro, and not a part, was included in Yugoslavia when that country was formed. Our apologies to Dr. Gourevitch, and, while we are at it, our apologies to Simon and Schuster whose "Westward Ha!" by S. J. Perelman was enthusiastically reviewed in our issue of July 9 whereas the publication date of this volume is August 5.

Enough humiliation: We point with journalistic pride to the fact that General de Benouville's letter on page 375 deals precisely with the cause of the French Government's fall—the question of credits for national defense.—THE EDITORS.

CONTRIBUTORS

Waldemar GURIAN teaches at Notre Dame and has just returned from an appointment as lecturer at the University of Bonn. He is editor of the *Review of Politics.*

William J. CASEY is chairman of the Board of Editors of The Research Institute of America. During the war he headed a branch of the OSS in Europe.

Igino GIORDANI is a well known Italian author and journalist, at one time associated with the *Quotidiano.*

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